

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Girl Wage Slavery and Vice Are Cause and Effect Indissolubly Connected

Dorothy Dix Points Out How Small Wages Paid by Millionaire Task Masters Lead Many Girls to Sacrifice Soul for Finery.

By DOROTHY DIX.

It chances that just now we are hearing a great deal about a minimum wage for girl workers, and the vice situation. It is fortunate that the two subjects should be presented to the public mind at the same time, for in real life they are indissolubly connected. They are cause and effect.

It is not an over weak and trusting nature, nor love, nor passion, nor viciousness that recruits the ranks of the women of the underworld. It is poverty. It is not the lure of the bright lights that tempts any but the occasional girl into the downward path.

She is driven into it by cold and hunger. It is desperation, not desire that is responsible for the sad sisterhood of the streets.

A police inspector, whose task it has been for many years to "clean up" certain districts inhabited by these poor unfortunates, told me recently that he was convinced that 90 per cent of the girls who went wrong were forced into doing so by their inability to make an honest living.

Many of them were country girls, who came here with only a few dollars in their pockets, with no friends or influence, and no conception of the expense of life in a city. In a few days their money was all gone, they could find no work, and when they were cast out on the street by their boardinghouse keepers and hunger began to gnaw at their vitals they entered the door of sin, which was the only door that was open to them.

Most of the other girls that joined them on the downward journey, he said, were those who were paid so little for their work it did not suffice to keep body and soul together, and so—as we are more animal than spiritual in our make-up—they hartered away their souls for food and raiment for the body.

And let none of us who have never been cold, nor hungry, nor shelterless dare to judge these who have been in the fell grip of circumstances. But for the mercy of Heaven we might have been even as they.

To me the heartbreaking thing about the working girl who takes the wrong turn on the road is that she does not do so by choice. She wants to walk straight. She is willing to work. She makes her poor, little futile battle for honor, and it is only when she is beaten down to her knees by want that she surrenders to evil.

And she is beaten and conquered because she has no weapon with which to fight; and that, it seems to me, brings the whole question right up to the balance of how have got to support themselves and help take care of the balance of the family. Yet neither in the home nor in the school do we do a thing to prepare these girls for the future they must face. Nor are they taught any way by which they can honestly support themselves.

We also know that when the hour of danger comes to the girl who has tried to support herself, and failed, when she is starving and freezing and in rags, that she will be more than human if she does not listen to the tempter who offers her food and drink and warmth, at whatever cost to her morals.

Now, the establishment of a minimum wage for the girl worker is all very well theoretically, but practically before any such measure can be enforced the girl must be made worth whatever she is paid.

That is where the trouble comes in, for the average girl is so unskilled, so unambitious, has so little interest in her

work, that she is not competent enough to earn a decent salary. Cheap work is only entitled to cheap pay. First class work must have to log for first class pay. It commends the word over.

This state of affairs is not the fault of the girls. It is the fault of the parents. In the first place, and of the schools in the second place. Parents do not teach their daughters that their only chance to succeed in business is by doing good work, by being faithful and accurate and reliable.

By inducing, if not by actual work, they teach their daughters to think that it is much more important how they look than how they do their work, and that is why the haughty salety behind the counter takes her time to re-arrange her elaborate coiffure before she condescends to languidly tell you that they haven't got what you want in stock instead of taking the trouble to look it up. It is also why she only gets \$5 or \$7 a week.

When you find a girl who goes into a store determined to find out everything about the kind of goods she sells, who is alert, courteous, anxious to please, nobody has to worry about a minimum wage for her, because she's soon getting a maximum salary.

I also believe that it is just as much the business of the government to teach every child some honest way of making a living as it is to teach him or her how to read and write, and that if the public schools would look off all of the higher educational frills and put the money into trade schools it would be the greatest moral movement the world has ever seen.

If every girl came out of the grammar school an expert cook, or dressmaker, or milliner, or typewriter, or laundress—if she knew how to do superlatively well some work that the world needs—we would, at least, have taken away from her the necessity of selling her body for bread, and we would give her the chance to live honestly if she would.

The best way to keep girls from falling is to develop enough strength in them to enable them to stand alone, and when we send every girl forth into the world equipped to do good work we shall not need so many vice commissions, nor to arbitrarily establish a minimum wage.

## Our Daily Fashions



By LA RACONTEUSE.

The classical, semi-long, half loose-tailor made costume is not yet relegated to the background, and this photograph shows an effective tailor of "and" woolen gown.

The coat is smartly cut with its "haque" set up rather high, with seams making a graceful movement of deep point on both sides.

It is opened by broad revers over a waistcoat of sponge material of black striped with white fastened by a row of small white crystal buttons.

The coat is fastened and trimmed with four huge, square buttons. The long sleeve is slightly widened at the finish with a small piping of striped material and a small embroidered point.

The skirt is a simple and ordinary four-gored model, with the wide front embellished with five stitched tabs finished with embroidered point.

A Gentle Reprimand.

As a young woman arrived at a neat blue suit entered a street car, a man, his head buried in a newspaper, arose and offered his seat. With a curt nod the young woman accepted, and as soon as she had composed herself she became interested in the contents of her shopping bag. In a few minutes she was looking at the man with the newspaper, watching her for a moment. Then, speaking hurriedly, he said:

"I beg your pardon, what is it—that did you say?"

The young woman lifted her eyes, and, seeing that she was addressed, answered coolly: "I said nothing, sir."

"Beg pardon, beg pardon," was the absent-minded answer. "I thought you said 'Thank you.'—Milwaukee Free Press.

## Tells Greatest Need of Women

## "Meditation Brings Peace and Beauty"

By ADA PATTERSON.

Miss Mura Bayley, who is fast fulfilling her life ambition to visit every corner of the globe, has discovered what women most need.

She has studied our sex in South Africa, where she was born; in England, whence came her father and mother; in Austria, where she was educated; in Hungary, where she paid long visits; in Paris, where she studies art; and in the South Sea Islands, where she lived for two years, and where a head chief raised her to the Samoan peerage by making her a Tatho. He conferred upon her the dignity of "maid of the village," which means princess. She was solemnly christened "Sacred Thatch," and is so addressed by all admiring Samoans.

Yes, she knows women of most peoples, knows them well, for she has lived in their palaces in Austria and in huts in the Fiji Islands, and her conclusions are staggering. For of what women most need we of the arrogant Anglo-Saxon race, and especially we Americans, are in greatest need. We need that which will, some time, according to her belief, become a world philosophy, the possession of inward peace. And of this world philosophy the corner stone is meditation.

It is most simple, as Miss Bayley, taught by her world wandering, explains it.

"Peace is what every woman needs, the black woman, the yellow woman and the white woman, but most of all the white woman," said the handsome young traveler, to whom her friends have given the nickname "The Wandering Star."

She looks with calm, penetrating eyes at the person to whom she speaks as though she would say to everyone: "Have you peace?"

"My dream is of a worldwide philosophy that will bring everyone peace and that will be based solely on meditation. The power of meditation is infinite and the peace to be derived from it is endless. Our present way of living is so contrary to every thought of repose that it may seem to some an absurdity. But, believe me, it is thoroughly practical and within the scope of everyone. All one must do is sit perfectly still. Sitting perfectly still we naturally relax. The knotted nerves and muscles uncoil. We are like a violin whose taut strings are loosened by a master hand."

All the great founders of all the great religion and philosophies of the world have reached states of exaltation and ecstasy through their power of meditation. They all tell of having derived through this meditation the real happiness of earth.

"What are we all seeking? Peace, peace, peace," says Miss Bayley. "Why do the faces of the hurrying people I pass on the streets of New York look strained and sad? They are seeking peace."

"Every thinking person I have asked the question, 'What do you most want?' has answered, 'Peace, peace within.'"

Why do persons seek refuge in small temples of different sects, hidden away from the bustle of the streets? It is not always because they believe in the creed of that particular church.

"They go there to rest awhile, to find peace from the tumult of life. Meeting women of any creed or none coming from such a spot I have heard them say, 'It is so restful.'"

"Women would be happier and lovelier



MISS MURA BAYLEY.

if they would learn a lesson or two.

dark sisters of the orient, the habit of withdrawing for awhile from the bustle of the day to meditate. They need not go to a church. They can go to their own rooms or to a corner of their own rooms and sit still.

"With the relaxed position, the mind will clear of its clouds. The dust of the day will vanish. While sitting there one will fall naturally into pleasant ways of thinking. She will not pucker her face or tighten her nerves in an effort to solve her problem, whatever it is. As she sits there, quietly, power will flow through her currents of new strength."

"The mind seeks at such times pleasant themes, and it is better to think of truths than of persons. Truths are eternal and persons are transitory. If you think for fifteen minutes about something abstract as goodness, honesty or loyalty or peace, the tired lines will smooth themselves out of your face and out of your souls."

"Travel either in person or through books, is a great peace bringer. Not travel as the tourist does it, but as a student of peoples and races. When you watch the rise and fall of a great people, your sink your little individual troubles

under and a deep interest.

One warning allow me to give travelers. They usually look at the peoples of the east with ill concealed contempt and sometimes they don't try to conceal it. I heard an American woman say aloud of English speaking natives: 'How much they look like monkeys.' Don't do that. The Anglo-Saxon race is dominant now, but it has not always been dominant. Once the east ruled the world and it may do so again. I cannot conceive of the east and west as being blended. There will always be an east and west. I believe that the east will finally include Europe and that the west will merely be North and South America. The Russian empire may overstep and monopolize the other three continents. The east seems to me a sleeping giant slowly awakening to a consciousness of its strength and it behooves us to be friends or show a friendly tolerance."

"To think thoughts of peace."

Mrs. Bayley turned her deep, calm eyes upon me.

"Yes," she answered. "The meditation of women in their quiet corners at home may govern the world and spare us a world war."

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox Denounces Divorce, but Says Better Be Tied to a Dead Body Than to a Dead Passion

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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by the Star Publishing Company. Divorce is a desperate remedy. Marriage should be a bond for all time. Easy divorce leads to easy fault-finding and fickleness.

The man who becomes a partner in a business is more interested to make it a success than one who occupies a mere temporary position.

Marriage is much the same. Those who enter it for life regarding the union as indissoluble, have a greater incentive to bear and forbear than those who believe in "divorces while you wait."

Love is a plant which can be fed, fertilized and nourished by proper care.

The people who enthusiastically support the divorce laws are not inclined to tell in Cupid's garden. They prefer to let fate's plant wither at the first sign of wilting, conscious that it can be replaced with another bulb.

Divorces should be a last desperate remedy for a despairing life. Wherever divorces are easily obtained, morals and manners degenerate.

Sometimes a woman wears her life out in studying menus to please a husband's palate, believing his departing passion will return to her through the door of his gratified appetite.

She fails, and lives to see him pay court to the woman who would let him starve before cooking him a meal. These are the daily tragedies of life going on all about us. The only lesson we can gain from them is the folly of wasting life in an effort to arrest departing passion. It is wiser to speed the departing guest with a dignified demeanor as possible and to save one's strength for the duties which lie beyond.

There is a certain period of life when the loving heart believes existence without happy reciprocal love impossible. Later, the philosophical mind discerns the rarity of such situations by the continued clinging to life of the vast majority of people who do not possess their hearts' desire. Therefore, it would seem the sensible and wise thing to waste no time or strength in trying to do impos-

sible deeds to retain a worn-out passion, but to proceed to make the best of life in other directions.

The love that is not really dead, but only wandering, will sooner be piqued back by this method than by frantic and undignified endeavors to attract its attention and pity.

Inelastic conventionalities of views is a secret accomplice of crime and an open foe to the highest progress of humanity. Both pulpit and press send forth their constant protest against divorce; decorous-minded and order-loving human beings declare against the dissolution of the marriage tie by any means save death, but the pulpit and the press are silent, and the same decorous-minded individuals seem to consider it none of their business when a husband and wife live together in continual open warfare and bring into existence children conceived in hatred and reared in discord.

When this harnessed hatred now and then results in murder, the pulpit cries "Shocking depravity!" and the conventional-minded populace shakes its head disapprovingly, while it shuts its eyes to a score of cases within its circle where domestic life is made a criminal farce and a breeder of possible tragedies.

Not many years ago four small children, the eldest 13, witnessed the stabbing of their father with a potato knife held in the hand of their godless and infuriated mother, almost on the eve of her bringing a fifth child into loveless existence.

The story of the 13-year-old daughter, as told to the reporters, caused not one editorial to be written, not one sermon to be preached upon the awful crime—the most awful of all crimes—marital infidelity and child breeding.

Yet divorce, so constantly preached and written against, is a shining virtue and a blessing to humanity, set beside this black and hideous condition of two human beings living in bitter strife and harboring hatred and repulsion in their hearts, while they periodically give rein to mere animal impulses and produce undesired offspring.

The little girl who saw her mother murder her father related in a stoical manner how "they were always wrangling. Father came in and began to scold, as he always did. Mother answered back, as she always did. And then the climax came—a more terrible one than usual—and the father was a corpse and the mother a murderess."

Quite as great in the eyes of God, I believe, as this woman's sins of motherhood under those awful conditions, which

seem to have been perpetual, as in her final unpremeditated crime.

Dozens of married people in the higher walks of life are living together in similar discord. They are possessed of more education and culture and their language is less coarse and brutal; but they find no pleasure in each other's society, and when under the same roof are constantly quarrelling.

Their quarrels may only be expressed in "polite" sarcasms and cold glances following disagreements upon every trivial question and in a stubborn lack of concessions but their children are nevertheless reared in an unwholesome and poisonous atmosphere of hatred, and the home is shadowed by a cloud tenfold darker than the shadow of divorce and separation could produce.

All the laws passed by all the legislatures of the world, and upheld by all the churches in the land, can never make children born under such conditions anything but illegitimate in God's sight—for love alone sanctions birth.

If you madam, whose eyes follow these words, are living as the legal wife of a man with whom you are constantly quarrelling, and if you are the unwilling mother of his offspring, let me tell you that you have no right to look down upon the unfortunate fallen girl whose love led her astray.

She has broken man's law—you are breaking God's. Only by adherence to both can marriage be really lawful and parentage sacred.

When any man wants his freedom, let him go. The alms-house is preferable to a life with an unwilling mate. There are charitable societies which will assist his last unfortunate wife until she is able to work and support herself and child. If she will make her case known to the Associated Charities, New York or Brooklyn, she will be attended to. I have found the New York branch of this association most prompt and kind and thorough in looking up and aiding all worthy cases and exposing frauds.

Any woman who tries to force a man to live with her when he is anxious to leave her lacks pride. She is justified in trying to make him support the children he is responsible for, but the sooner she puts distance between herself and the man who ceased to love her the better for her self-respect and her womanhood.

Bitter as the anguish of such a separation may be, to live under the same roof with an unwilling man would be more bitter to any woman with the right value of herself, and the right sense of pride.

## Garrett P. Serviss Says You Can Aid in Fight on Disease

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If you read the article on "The Battle of the Microbes," in the Cosmopolitan magazine for February, you will learn a very curious fact viz.: that the only dangerous microbes are the foolish ones.

The wise microbes (and our bodies harbor thousands of billions of them) do us no harm, and probably sometimes do us much good. They are settlers in the vast empire of microscopic beings that we call a human body, and they till the soil like capable agriculturists. Without exhausting it, it is as much to their interest as to ours that the life and health of the body should be preserved. Yet they could destroy us if they would, just as the mass of the population of any great country could bring it down to ruin, and themselves along with it, if they suddenly turned to savagery, and forgot all the lessons of forbearance, temperance and co-operation, taught by the experience of long lines of industrious ancestors.

They are not only harmless, but helpful, because they are educated and civilized.

And yet these wise microbes that swarm in our bodies differ, in constitution, from the dangerous and foolish ones no more than civilized men differ in bodily form from the most brutal and bestial savages that our race has produced.

It may seem ridiculous to speak of "educated" and "civilized" microbes, but the investigations of bacteriologists absolutely justify the term. These microscopic beings, which resemble rather plants than animals, when they become regular inhabitants of the body of a large animal, settle into communities that cause no harm to the life of the whole body, but perhaps help to keep it active.

The uncivilized invaders which do the harm, which produce so many fatal diseases, are like the hordes of barbarians that broke down the Roman empire. Their only object is to ravage and destroy. They preserve nothing, they cultivate nothing, they simply rush on until they are themselves involved in the universal destruction. Yet science has discovered that even they can be tamed.

There could be no more important and interesting occupation for any man's leisure hours than to study the revelations that the science of bacteriology has made of the internal government of our bodies.

Then, when he sees his child suffering from scarlet fever or diphtheria, he will understand the nature of the struggle that is going on in that little body, the desperate battles that occur there between the invading enemies and the hosts of its microscopic defenders, and he will thank heaven that science has unveiled the secrets of the foe, and learned how to give aid to the beleaguered garrison.

He will, in the light of the knowledge he has gained, in the face of the fact that some of the milk sold in the market, to be fed to babies, contains 5,000,000 microbes to a single drop, begin to bestir himself to uphold the hands of those who are battling for clean and pure food, against the remorseless demands of greed. "A baby dies at every tick of the clock!" Nine-tenths of these innocents could be saved if science were permitted to perform its work without opposition.

Study of these things would also open the eyes of many misled, well-meaning people who listen to the outcry of anti-vitalists against the work of the laboratories—a work without which we should never have known the true sources of most of the destructive diseases that decimate humanity, or have discovered the means of combatting them, and the continuance of which is essential to the further advance of that beneficent knowledge.

The discovery that the human body is a world of microbes, bristling with defenses, but assailed by billions of enemies—a battleground in whose struggles science can interfere to aid the weak, as the gods of Olympus interfered between the battling hosts on the plain of Troy, is the greatest advance that humanity has made for many a century.

The Luddite war, so called from the fact that it was begun by a weak-minded fellow named Ned Ludd, met its Waterloo 101 years ago today, January 29, 1812. Ned Ludd and Napoleon Bonaparte, though separated by the whole diameter of things intellectual, the one being almost an idiot, and the other a mental colossus, were both engaged on a fool's errand.

Ludd in attempting to stop the progress of mechanical science, and Napoleon in fighting the forward march of modern democracy. Ned met his fate, as above mentioned, and three years later Napoleon met his. Ned was one of the original "stand patters." He had no use for "progressives" of any sort. The "old guard" and the "old ways" were good enough for him. Consequently when certain rattle-brained insurgents came to Nottingham with their machines for spinning and weaving cotton, Ned raised the war-whoop and began smashing them.

Ned's idiosyncrasy instantly became contagious, and soon all over the surrounding region the spinners and weavers were breaking up and burning frames and machinery.

From Nottingham the disturbance spread into Yorkshire and Lancashire, and soon involved all the northern and midland counties of England. Machines were destroyed wherever found. Manufactories were burned down, and in the rioting many people were killed.

The Luddites had become a power to be reckoned with, a menace that it would not do to ignore. Parliament was aroused, the cabinet was forced to postpone its its high and mighty meditations long enough to listen to the story of the Luddite menace, and lords and commons, suddenly getting their heads together, began grinding out the severest of repressive legislation. It may be interesting to note, in passing, that it was in connection with this legislation that Lord Byron delivered his first speech in the House of Lords.

But while the noble lords were busy making laws against the Luddites, the destruction of machinery went on, and the fanatical business was finally put down only by military force. "General" Ludd and several of his right-hand men were executed and the opposition of machinery became in England a thing of the past.

By and by prosperity revived, those who had lost their jobs by the coming in of the machines found something to do in other lines, and the generation following the Luddite war assumed themselves in the midst of their improved condition with laughing over the ignorant fanaticism of the fathers. Ned Ludd and Napoleon Bonaparte had failed, and in both instances the failure meant the advancement of the economic and political fortunes of all mankind.

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